

# THE PASCAGOULA DEMOCRAT-STAR.

BY P. K. MAYERS & M. B. RICHMOND.

"PEACE, GOOD WILL AND PROSPERITY TO ALL MANKIND."

TERMS: \$2.50 PER ANNUM, IN ADVANCE.

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PASCAGOULA, JACKSON COUNTY, MISS., SEPTEMBER 6, 1878.

No. 24.

## PROFESSIONAL.

**Roderick Seal, H. Bloomfield.**  
Attorneys & Counsellors at Law,  
Scranton, Miss.

Will practice in all the Courts of Jackson county, Mississippi. Each partner will continue to practice in his individual capacity in all the Courts of the Seventh Judicial District.

**Dr. W. D. Bragg.**  
Physician and Surgeon.  
Is permanently located at Moss Point, Miss., and will practice in the town and country.  
Office at C. S. Stewart's Drug Store, Office hours from 7 to 9 a.m., and 7 to 9 p.m.

**Dr. D. C. Case.**  
Physician and Surgeon.  
Having permanently located at Ocean Springs, where he has a full and complete outfit for the people of the town and surrounding country. Thirty years extensive experience in the city of New Orleans, enables him to offer his professional services as consulting physician to the members of the fraternity who are practicing at the town along the coast.

**A. M. Dahlgren.**  
Attorney & Counsellor at Law,  
Office at  
Bilzi and Beauvoir, Harrison Co., Miss.

Will practice in all the Courts of the Seventh Judicial District. Prompt attention given to the collection of claims.  
Reference: Gen. Jos. R. Davis, Handsboro; Maj. Roderick Seal, Mississippi City; Hon. W. T. Waldall, Beauvoir; Judge W. A. Champlin, Pass Christian, and others.

**J. J. Harry, M. D.**  
Physician and Surgeon,  
Ocean Springs, Miss.

Offers his professional services to the citizens of Ocean Springs and surrounding country.  
Office—Opposite the Methodist Church.

**W. A. Champlin, Elliott Henderson.**  
Attorneys & Counsellors at Law,  
Pass Christian, Miss.

Will practice in all the Courts of the Seventh Judicial District.

**R. Seal.**  
Attorney & Counsellor at Law,  
Mississippi City, Miss.

Practices in all the Courts of the Seventh Judicial District.

**C. H. Wood.**  
Attorney & Counsellor at Law,  
Harrison, Hancock, Perry and Greene.

Will practice in the Courts of the Seventh Judicial District.

**J. P. Carter.**  
Attorney & Counsellor at Law,  
Augusta, Perry County, Miss.

Will practice in the Courts of the Seventh Judicial District.

**Dr. A. K. Northrop.**  
Dental Surgeon,  
Office at Pass Christian, Miss.

Will visit all points upon the Coast, giving advice whenever he moves, at present at Pass Christian.

**S. Moore, M. D.**  
Physician and Surgeon,  
Pascagoula, Miss.

Office and residence near the Seashore Hotel, residences and post-office.

**F. N. Blount, M. D.**  
Physician and Surgeon,  
Respectfully tenders his services to the citizens of Pascagoula, Scranton and Moss Point.

Office—On Pascagoula street, opposite the railroad crossing, Scranton. Hours: 10 A. M. to 2 P. M., and 5 to 7 P. M. Residence at the Sea-shore.

**MISCELLANEOUS.**

**JOSEPH KOTZUM,**  
MACHINIST,  
OCEAN SPRINGS, MISS.

He will repair all kinds of Firearms, Sewing Machines, and general Blacksmith work done on short notice.

Also pays the highest cash prices for GOLD, SILVER, JEWELS, FURS, IRON, BRASS, COPPER, LEAD, ZINC AND OLD IRON.

Has on hand Cook Stoves, which he will sell at New Orleans prices.  
April 26, 1878. 5 cm

**Meridian**  
**FEMALE COLLEGE.**

This institution is healthfully located at MERIDIAN, MISS.

and is accessible from all points. Terms per session of five months, including English, Mathematics, Latin, French, wash, ironing, sewing, and all the modern accomplishments. Music and drawing will be extra.

A full corps of competent ladies will assist the President during the next term of ten months. The session just closed was one of great prosperity. The number of pupils enrolled was 135.

For further particulars send for catalogue.  
C. M. GORDON,  
President.  
July 5-7-15-3m

**THE SEA-BREEZE**  
**Xchange.**

PASCAGOULA, MISS.

**R. P. & J. S. Black, Prop'rs.**

The most complete and thoroughly equipped establishment in the city. The very purest and choicest Domestic and Imported Wines, Brandy, Rum, Gin, Whisky, Champagne, Ale, Beer, Porter, Stout, Coniac, Mineral Water, etc., kept constantly on hand.

12- No better or purer liquors can be obtained. Visit the Sea Breeze and see for yourself.  
Oct. 12-77-3y.

**C. & N. Butcher,**  
PASS CHRISTIAN, MISS.

DEALERS IN  
DRY GOODS, GROCERIES, LIQUORS,  
Fruits, Feed, Lumber, Shingles, Lime,  
Plaster, Cement, Laths, Nails, &c., &c.,  
always on hand.  
June 29, 1877. 8-11

## THE COURTS.

**REGULAR TERMS.**  
CIRCUIT COURT—SEVENTH DISTRICT.  
JAMES S. HARRIS, Judge.  
THOMAS S. FORD, District Attorney.

In the county of Lauderdale on the second Monday of February and August, and continue eighteen days.

In the county of Kemper, on the first Monday of March and September, and continue twelve days.

In the county of Clarke, on the third Monday of March and September, and continue twelve days.

In the county of Wayne, on the first Monday of April and October, and continue six days.

In the county of Greene, on the second Monday of April and October, and continue six days.

In the county of Jackson on the fourth Monday after the fourth Monday of April and October, and continue twelve days.

In the county of Harrison on the third Monday after the fourth Monday of April and October, and continue six days.

In the county of Hancock on the first Monday after the fourth Monday of April and October, and continue twelve days.

In the county of Marion, on the fourth Monday in April and October, and continue six days.

In the county of Perry on the third Monday of April and October, and continue six days.

**CHANCERY COURT—7TH DISTRICT.**  
GEORGE WOOD, Chancellor.

In the county of Jackson, on the first Monday of March and September, and continue six days.

In the county of Harrison, on the second Monday of March and September, and continue six days.

In the county of Hancock, on the third Monday of March and September, and continue six days.

In the county of Pearl, on the fourth Monday of March and September, and continue six days.

In the county of Marion, on the fourth Monday in March and September, and continue six days.

In the county of Wayne, on the fourth Monday after the fourth Monday of March and September, and continue six days.

In the county of Clarke, on the first Monday in May and November, and continue six days.

In the county of Lauderdale, on the second Monday of May and November, and continue six days.

In the county of Kemper, on the fourth Monday of May and November, and continue six days.

## MISCELLANEOUS.

**RED STORE**  
AT  
Pass Christian Miss.

**LARGEST ASSORTMENT**  
AND CHEAPEST PRICES ON THE  
**SEA COAST.**

Having moved into our new and commodious Store with the Largest and Best selected stock of

**DRY GOODS,**  
Notions, Clothing,  
Saddlery, Shoes, Hats,  
WILLOW & WOODENWARE,  
Hardware, Tinware, and Cutlery,  
**COOK STOVES**  
At New Orleans Prices.

**Family Groceries**

The Red Store will pay the Cash for Cotton, Wool, Hides, Tallow, Beeswax, etc., and if our prices for goods are not lower than they can be had elsewhere, we do not ask any one to buy of us.

Come and see for yourselves.

**We have no branch store.**

Try  
**JORDY'S RED STORE.**  
May 31, 1878. 10-11

**F. CARRAU,**  
Bilzi and Beauvoir, Miss.

DEALER IN  
DRY GOODS, READY-MADE CLOTHING, SHOES, ETC.

Will continue to cut and make clothing to order.  
June 7, 1878. 11-12

## THE DESERTED ROOM.

The fire flames leapt about the logs, As in the days of old; About the silent room they played, In chequered work of gleam and shade. The Persian carpet on the floor, Showed its dimmed beauty as of yore; The portraits from the walls looked down, And eye and lip in smile and frown, The tale she taught them told.

The fire flames leapt about the hearth; The cricket sang its song; The ivory notes she loved so much, Lay waiting for her wakening touch; Her own, or sister flowers dropped, Where the great crimson curtain looped; And by her chair her favorite book His place, mute pleading for her, took To rest, unopened long.

The fire flames leapt about the hearth; A sense of something gone Hung heavy on the listening ear, That used her joyous voice to hear; The echoes of the silent home It seemed as ghosts her brightness laid, In the dull stillness woke and strayed, And long-lost empire won.

The fire flames leapt, and paled; And in the eerie gloom Sad memories gathered round the hearth, Where she brought joy, and youth, and mirth; Sad fancies mingling with them said Old tales of half-forgotten deed; And baffled prayers and visions met, With loss, and longing, and regret, In the deserted room.

## THE FACTORY GIRL.

It was a little studio, quite at the top of the house. Upon the easel that occupied the post of honor in the middle of the room, a large piece of canvas gloved with the soft tints of a spring landscape, and Frank Seymour stood before it, palette in hand, his large, brown eyes dreamy with a sort of inspiration.

In a comfortable, easy chair by the door sat a plump, rosy little female, in a lace cap, with a plenty of narrow white ribbons fluttering from it, and silver-gray poplin dress—Mrs. Seymour, in fact, our artist's mother, who has just come up from the basement "to see how Frank was getting along."

"Here, mother," said the young man, with an enthusiastic sparkle in his eyes, "just see the way the sunset light touches the topmost branches of the old apple tree. I like the brown, subdued gold of that tint; it somehow reminds me of Grace Teller's hair."

Mrs. Seymour moved a little uneasily in her chair. "Yes, it's very; but it strikes me, Frank, you are lately discovering a good many similitudes between Miss Teller and your pictures."

Frank laughed good humoredly. "Well, mother, she is pretty." "Yes, I don't deny that she's pretty enough."

"Now, mother, what's the meaning of that ambiguous tone?" demanded the young artist pleasantly. "What have you discovered about Miss Grace Teller that isn't charming and womanly and lovely?"

"Frank, do you know who she is?" "Yes, I know that she is a remarkably pretty girl with a voice that sounds exactly like the low, soft ripple of the little rivulet where I used to play when I was a boy."

"Nonsense," said Mrs. Seymour sharply. "Well, then, if you are not satisfied with my description of her as she is, would you like to know what she will be?"

Mrs. Seymour looked puzzled. "Mother, I think one day she will be my wife."

"Frank! Frank! are you crazy?" "Not that I know of," said Mr. Seymour, composedly, squeezing a little deep blue on his palette out of a dainty tin tube, and mixing it thoughtfully.

"We know so little about her," thought Mrs. Seymour. "To be sure she is visiting Mary Elton, and Mary belongs to a very good family, if she does live in half a house and takes in fine embroidery for a living. But then she has no style at all compared with Cynthia Parker; Cynthia always did fancy our Frank. Then, moreover, she has five or six thousand dollars of her own. But dear me, a young man in love is the most headstrong creature alive."

Mrs. Seymour mused awhile longer, then put on her house-colored silk bonnet and gray shawl, and set upon a tour of investigation. "I'll find out something about Miss Teller, or I'll know the reason why," thought the indefatigable widow.

Mrs. Grace Teller was "at home," helping Mary Elton in an elaborate piece of fine embroidery. The room where the two girls sat was very plain, carpeted with the cheapest ingrain, and curtained with very ordinary pink and white chintz, yet it looked snug and cheery, for the fat blackbird was chirping noisily in the window, and a stand of mignonette and velvet-blossomed pansies gave a delightful tint to this pretty picture of everyday life.

Mary Elton was pale, thin, and not at all pretty; there was a tremulous sweetness about her mouth that seemed to whisper that she might have been different under different circumstances. Grace Teller was a lovely blonde, with large blue eyes, rose-leaf skin, and hair whose luminous gold fell over her forehead like an aureole.

As Mrs. Seymour entered, a deeper shade of pink stole over Grace's beautiful cheek, but otherwise she was calm and self-possessed, and readily parried the old lady's interrogatories.

"Very warm this morning," said the old lady, fanning herself. "Do they have as warm weather where you came from, Miss Teller?" "I believe it is very sultry in Factoryville," said Grace, composedly taking another needleful of silk.

"Factoryville? Is that your native place? Perhaps then you know Mr. Parker—Cynthia Parker's father—who is superintendent in the great calico mills there?" "Very well, I have often seen him."

"Are you acquainted with Cynthia?" "No—I believe Miss Parker spends most of her time in this city."

"That's very true," said Mrs. Seymour, sagely. "Cynthia says there's no society worth having in Factoryville—only the girls that work in the factory; Cynthia is very genteel. But—excuse my curiosity, Miss Teller—how did you become acquainted with Mr. Parker and not his daughter?"

Grace colored. "Business brought me in contact frequently with the gentleman of whom you speak. But I never happened to meet his daughter."

Mrs. Seymour gave a little start in her chair—she was beginning to see through the mystery. "Perhaps you have something to do with the calico factory?" "I have," said Grace, with calm dignity.

"A factory girl?" gasped Mrs. Seymour, growing red and white. "Is there any disgrace in the title?" quietly asked Grace, although her own cheeks were dyed with crimson.

"Disgrace! Oh, no—certainly not; there's no harm in earning one's living in any honorable way," returned Mrs. Seymour, absently. The fact was, she was thinking in her inmost mind, "What will Frank say?" and anticipating the flag of triumph she was about to wave over him.

"I do not hesitate to confess," went on Grace, looking Mrs. Seymour full in the eyes, "that to the calico factory I owe my daily bread."

"Very laudable, I'm sure," said the old lady, growing little uneasy under the clear blue gaze—"only—there are steps and gradation in all society you know, and—I am a little surprised to find you so intimate with Miss Elton, whose family is—"

Mary came over to Grace's side, and stepped to kiss her cheek. "My dearest friend—my most precious companion," she murmured, "I should be quite lost without her, Mrs. Seymour."

The old lady took her leave stiffly and did not ask Grace to return her call, although she extended an invitation to Mary, couched in the politest and most distant terms.

"Frank!" she ejaculated, never once stopping to remove shawl or bonnet, and bursting into his studio like an express messenger of life and death news, "who do you suppose your paragon of a Miss Teller is?"

"The loveliest of her sex," returned Frank, briefly and comprehensively. "A factory girl?" screamed the old lady at the height of her lungs. "Well, what of that?" "What of that? Frank Seymour, you never mean to say that you would have anything to say to a common factory girl?"

"I should think so," said Frank, looking admiringly down on the gold head that was stooping among the pansies.

"But your mother thinks me far below you in social position." "Social position be—ignored. What do I care for social position, as long as my little Grace has consented to make the sunshine of my home?"

"Yes, but Frank—" "Well, but Grace?" "Do you really love me?" For answer, he took both the fair, delicate little hands in his, and looked steadily into her eyes.

"Frank," said Grace, demurely, "I'm afraid you will make a dreadful strong-willed, obstinate sort of a husband."

"I shouldn't wonder, Grace." And so the gold twilight faded into a purple, softer than the shadow of Eastern amethysts, and the stars came out, one by one, and still Mary Elton didn't succeed in finding that pattern.

Mrs. Seymour was the first guest to arrive at Mrs. Randall's select soiree on the first Wednesday evening in July—the fact was, she wanted a chance to confide her griefs to Mrs. Randall's sympathetic ear.

"Crying! Yes, of course, I have been crying, Mrs. Randall; I have done nothing but cry for a week." "Mercy on us!" said Mrs. Randall, elevating her kid-gloved hands "what is the matter? I hope Frank isn't in any sort of trouble."

"My dear," said the old lady in mysterious whispers, "Frank has been entrapped, inveigled into the most dreadful entanglement. Did you ever fancy that he, the most fastidious and particular of created beings, could be resolutely determined on marrying—a factory girl?"

Mrs. Randall uttered an exclamation of horrid surprise, and at the same moment a party of guests were announced among whom Miss Grace Teller, looking rather more lovely than usual.

"Well," thought Mrs. Seymour, as her hostess hurried away to welcome the new comers, "will wonders never cease? Grace Teller at Mrs. Randall's soiree! But I suppose it's all on account of Mary Elton's uncle, the Judge. Here comes Mr. Parker and Cynthia—dear me, what a curious mixture our American society is; how they will be shocked at meeting Grace Teller."

Involuntarily she advanced a step or two to witness the meeting. Mr. Parker looked quite as much astonished as she had expected, but somehow, it was not just the kind of astonishment that was on the programme.

"Miss Grace; you here? Why, when did you come from Factoryville?" "You are acquainted with Miss Teller?" asked Mrs. Randall, with some surprise.

"Quite well; in fact I have had the management of her property for some years. Miss Teller is the young lady who owns the extensive calico factories, from which our village takes its name."

"Dear me!" ejaculated Mrs. Seymour, turning pale and sinking down on a divan near her. "Why, they say the heiress of the old gentleman who owned the Factoryville property is the richest girl in the country."

"Grace," said Frank, almost sternly, "what does this mean?" The blue eyes filled with tears as she clung closer to his arm.

"I can't help loving the calico factories, Frank. Don't you love me just as well as I don't?" "My little deceiver. But why didn't you tell me?"

"Why should I tell you, Frank? It was so nice to leave the heiress behind and be plain Grace Teller for awhile. And when I saw how opposed your mother was to our engagement, a spark of woman's willfulness rose within me, and I resolved I would maintain my integrity, come what might. Mrs. Seymour," she added turning archly round and holding out her hand to the discomfited old lady, "didn't I tell you I owed my daily bread to the factory?"

## BAYOU La BATRE NOTES.

Some Jottings by "Palma"—Origin of the Town's Name, Etc.

NEAR PORTERVILLE, Aug. 21, 1878.

ED. DEMOCRAT-STAR.—We are informed, through an indirect source, that the much dreaded and fatal yellow fever has, since your last issue, reached Scranton. I am in great distress lest the report be authentic, for I have many dear friends in your pleasant little town, and my heart is keenly alive with sympathy for them in case of such a dread calamity. We would gladly receive them all as refugees from the scourge, if the stringent quarantine imposed by our city would permit. Our village is perfectly free from yellow fever, as well as all other infections, nor do our citizens generally fear it, and our physician being one among the most successful during the terrible and never-to-be-forgotten epidemic of '53, assured me a few days ago that he "believes it impossible to assume an epidemic form in the healthy, bracing atmosphere that surrounds us." Health is one of the many blessings our village can boast. I have known several years to elapse without a single death occurring in our midst.

Bayou la Batre, that gives the post-office a name, is a small stream about four or five miles in length, and empties into the lake sound twelve miles below Grant's pass (at the entrance of Mobile bay), and derives its name from the fact that a battery once had existence here, the remains of which are to be seen about one mile from its mouth, immediately back of the old cemetery, on the right bank of the stream. It is a matter of uncertainty by whom or at what time it was erected. The trenches around it, locations and traces, are certain proofs that it was a battery. Some persons incline to the belief that it was erected by pirates, who were very numerous once on this coast, and that this is one of the favorite retreats of Captain Scott, and that much treasure may lie dormant and undreamed of somewhere in our land. The village of the same name is romantically situated on both sides the stream, one mile above the old battery, and, no doubt, like every other town, has a history and a legend. Its soil is peculiarly adapted to vegetables; fruit, rice and oranges grow here almost equal to southern Louisiana and Florida. Peaches, pears, quinces, figs and scuppernons have been raised here with perfect success and of a very superior quality. Many of the families, somewhat apart from the village proper, live entirely from farming and stock raising, and raise corn, rice, sweet potatoes and sugar cane enough to supply their families during the greater part of the year and abundance to sell besides. A great many have hogs enough to make meat and hard to last them all winter. I have seen very recently hogs running in the woods which positively never cost their owners a cent, as fat as hogs could be. A little economy and care will soon secure to the farmer here an independent living, especially if he turns his attention to amassing cattle and sheep, which do remarkably well here.

Another much-to-be-appreciated blessing is that there is not a colored inhabitant owning a foot of land nearer than five miles to us, nor in fact living here at all. There are children here three years old who never saw an African-descended gentleman. We have a Catholic church, also a Baptist and Methodist-Union church, and our schools could be made excellent here by a more extensive patronage. It is only seven miles from St. Elmo, on the New Orleans and Mobile railroad, and we have fish and oysters plentiful at all seasons.

I would invite the attention of the business man, who wishes a healthy and retired country seat for his family during the summer months, to our village. Here, a business man who has large boys that loaf around the streets learning how to swear, smoke, spend money and drink, and other pernicious practices, could make them very useful in summer raising fruit, vegetables, etc., until at a ripe age, when they can appreciate learning and advice. Suppose they should adhere to farming and make a business of it? How vastly superior is the respectable farmer to the reckless, dissipated wretch who will often encounter a staggering home at midnight, or thronging the haunts of vice, which, if you would raise the sloughed and look into the haggard face and bloodshot eyes, you would recognize the son of perhaps a merchant of high standing, a doctor, or perhaps a statesman—boys who played marbles on street corners in summer when they could have "made hay" in the "sun-shine." But should my letter attract any one, and they conclude to settle among us, I think it but fair and honest, Mr. Editor, to inform them through the columns of your paper that people here don't tolerate foolishness in the shape of tattling, scandal, meddling, etc.

When new-comers begin to assume any extra airs our citizens take them down and "initiate" them, and "beat" a little discretion into them and a little satisfaction out of them, and give them another trial. Ministers are no exceptions to this rule. Catholic priests on two occasions have experienced the truth of this. One instance was of very recent occurrence. Something about the fair or its management in July last greatly displeased Rev. Father J. F. Tracy, of this place, and he denounced the people generally in a public manner, and applied insolent epithets to them, without making any exceptions. This broad insult was indigestible to the Protestant part of the community, and some very respectable citizens let temper get the better of discretion, and administered quite a "thrashing" to the Rev. Father in his own house by way of initiation. The matter is referred to the next term of the grand jury for settlement. In conclusion we would advise priests to attend the functions of their high and holy calling, and let as ordinary individuals scandalize each other, and our friends, indiscreet, not to initiate a priest any more in his own house. Please let me know what you think of it. Respectfully,

PALMA.

We think it very indiscreet for any one to let temper get the best of them, and the idea of "thrashing" a priest or other minister of the gospel is very repugnant to our feelings. Far better let the courts decide such differences. We would also state that there is no truth in the rumor of yellow fever being here.—[ED. DEMOCRAT-STAR.]

**Rattlesnake Jack.**  
Grant County Times.

Rattlesnake Jack is the euphonious title of a long-haired scout who appeared on our streets this week clad in buckskin habiliments. Jack's forte is oratory and shooting. After getting outside of half dozen "straights" he opened in this style: "I'm a mah from the mountains, I'm a hyena from the tropics and a nephew of old Kit Carson; I've got a string of scalps that a mule can't pack. General Crook and me used to sleep in the same blankets and 'smile from the same bottle; I'm a poker player Arizona, and my mother rode on the first steamboat that ever navigated the Columbia; I'm a buzzard from the 'Rockies and a 'cuss' general principles; hain't slept on a floor for fourteen years, except in a guard-house; I like whisky better than Moses loved the bulrushes; I ken shoot a mole's eye out 900 yards, and make a jackass rabbit ashamed of himself for a hundred."

Here Jack's oration was cut short by one of the admiring crowd, who invited him to moisten. When last seen this important personage was trying to get a bet that he could spit in a man's eye nine times out of ten at twenty paces. According to a letter from J. H. Kook, Indian agent at Klamah, Mr. Rattlesnake Jack forgot to say that he stole a horse and a needle gun from an Indian at Linkville recently.

**Newspaper Men Exempt.**  
A newspaper man in Chicago died for an hour in that city a short time ago, and immediately found himself in the dominions of his satanic majesty, and proceeded at once to interview the "boss," whom it is said he found to be quite a respectable personage, and had it not been for the arrow-pointed tail he occasionally curled over his shoulders, he might have been taken for an average member of congress. He was in good humor and quite communicative, giving his new visitor all the information he asked. The reporter found that hell was peopled principally with lightning-rod men and book and sewing machine agents, while the different churches were largely represented. Upon inquiring for some of his former acquaintances, members of the press, he was informed that newspaper men had hell enough on earth, and that spacious and comfortable quarters were provided for them in Fiddler's Green a few miles this side of the big burnage.

Elizabeth Allen, in a poem, asks, "Oh, willow, why forever weep?" Elizabeth is a little mistaken as to the facts. It isn't the willow that weeps, it is the boy who dances under the limber end of it.

It has been discovered that the sun is about five hundred thousand miles nearer the earth than has been supposed. Perhaps, after awhile, the man who is sunstroke will get a chance to strike back.

The Rochester Express wants Edison to invent something to take the squeak out of shoes. Better turn his attention to the confounded stairs which gives a fellow away when he comes home from the lodge.

**Original.**  
The process adopted by Dr. Price in making his Special Flavoring Extract is original. By this new process he is enabled to produce flavorings of the finest quality, retaining the freshness of fruit, so concentrated that a small quantity produces each characteristic flavor.